



"ERE Y'ARE, SIR! CHARING CROSS! STRAND! SIBERIA!"

### COLONIAL CRICKET PREFERENCE.

THE members of the Imperial Preference Luncheon-Bar Commission venture to appeal to the imperial feeling of British cricketers. Students of statistics have been appalled by the increase in the number of runs scored by foreigners on South African wickets. The following figures (guaranteed to be accurate by Professor HEWINS) tell a sad tale of imperial decay. During the season of 1905 Germans scored two runs in South Africa (W. MÜLLER, playing for Cape Town Zingari, not out, 2). In 1906 the number of German runs had risen to ten (MÜLLER, l.b.w., b. ABE BAILEY, 10)—an increase of no less than 500 per cent. In the same years the runs scored by British players showed an increase of only 10 per cent.—8,000 in 1905; 8,800 in 1906. At their present rate of increase it is certain that in 1912 German cricketers in South Africa will score at least 150,000 runs.

What is to prevent this imperial

disaster? Nothing but a gift of preference to the Colonies. It is proposed therefore that, during the tour of the South African Cricketers, scorers be instructed to allow them twenty extras at the start of every innings. Umpires will also be ordered to allow each of them one life *per* innings, and to answer in the affirmative all appeals for l.b.w. made by South African bowlers.

The following distinguished persons have expressed their views about this proposal:—

C.-B. writes: "While conservatively opposed to Preference, I trust that the South African team will receive fair play at Lord's. I may close it after Whitsuntide."

Mr. BALFOUR says: "When playing with Colonial Premiers I always allow them one stroke for each banquet they have attended that day. The Unionist Party unites in urging the necessity for Imperial Scoring Reform."

Poet CRAIG answers, vaguely but enthusiastically: "Good old South Africa

—the land of my birth." (N.B. This is the fourth Colony in which the Surrey Poet claims to have been born.)

General DE WET wires: "I always liked a start when running myself."

A. A. replies in verse:

"Denizens of Empire, who  
Struggle 'neath the ethereal blue,  
Say, shall Goth and Hun and Russ  
Score on level terms with us?  
Never! Let the scorer's hand  
Help our sons from distant land."

(The remainder of A. A.'s interesting communication, dealing as it does with the need for a stronger Navy and the folly of Women's Suffrage, will be published as a serial poem in *The Standard*.)

### Inclusive Terms.

"WANTED Situation by an old photographer, wet or dry, inside or out."—*Focus*.

WE reprint this, lest, among those who do not see their *Focus* regularly, there should be any who would like to help a deserving case.

### THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN.

Mr. *Punch* acknowledges with sincere gratitude the receipt of contributions amounting to £506 in response to his appeal on behalf of the poor starving children of Samara, Russia. He begs to assure his readers that this money will be distributed through carefully appointed channels, and that there is not the least fear of its being diverted to official agencies and so risking the fate of certain other charitable funds collected for the needs of the Russian poor. Further donations will be gratefully received by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C. A list of contributors will appear in due course in these pages.

### LORDS IN WAITING.

(An appeal to the Prime Minister to get on with his killing.)

Lo! Spring, if Spring there was, has been and gone;  
Here's May, the moon of chestnuts, nearly through,  
And still the loudly-threatened Peers live on,  
Waiting impatiently their dying cue;  
"How long," they say, "before you put us, oh C.-B.,  
Out of our misery?"

At Easter, couched amid the olive trees,  
You brought to this same task your teeming brains,  
There where the calm expanse of azure seas  
Recalled the fatal tint of Norman veins;  
Yet here you are, upon the ebbing tide of Whit,  
No further, not a bit!

Is it because you taste a cruel joy  
In trifling with a doomed and hopeless House,  
Much as the tabby-cat delights to toy  
With fluttered fledglings or a cornered mouse?  
Much as the python watches, ere he springs to grab it,  
The fascinated rabbit?

To such insinuations "Tush!" I say;  
"His heart is soft: he wouldn't hurt a fly;  
There must be other reasons for delay  
And we shall know them better by-and-by."  
So I defend you; so these horrid doubts I quell,  
Adding, "He means so well!"

Still, do get on! I can't keep saying "Tush!"  
When I am told you let occasion slide  
Simply from terror—lest the mouse (or thrush)  
Should stick and disagree with you inside;  
Or lest the rabbit prove, for all his plaintive eyes,  
A mongoose in disguise! O. S.

### BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

#### CHIEFLY ABOUT MUSIC.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Now that we have done with the *Sturm und Drang* of the "Ring," I am taking ordinary Opera as a rest-cure. My dear, I went to *both* cycles, and wouldn't have missed so much as a demi-semi-quaver for anything. People who went home between the afternoon and evening performances weren't worthy of being called Wagnerites. We, who *were*, didn't dream of leaving the house (I didn't even leave my box) for fear of breaking the continuity of our emotions. We just had a light dinner served to us, the dishes and wines being carefully chosen so as not to clog the imagination or divert the musical perceptions.

NORTY came into my box on one occasion to wait for the evening performance. He said he didn't wish to break the continuity of his emotions by leaving the house. But he was

only kidding. He's no true Wagnerite. I tried to make him see the real inwardness of it all; how it raises one to a higher plane, against which the waves of Being beat in vain, while the soul realises itself as it floats serene over the abysses of harmony. That, at least, is how Wagner's masterpiece always affects me; but perhaps mine's an exceptional temperament. I oughtn't to be impatient with more commonplace natures. NORTY only laughed, and said his private opinion of the "Ring" was that there was a lot too much of it, and that never was so much fuss and noise made before over an ordinary jewel robbery.

JOSIAH dropped in one evening (think of dropping in to the "Ring"! ) and made himself horrid to NORTY, who happened to be in the box again. I really believe he hates that poor boy and would cut him if he dared, in spite of its being entirely through him that JOSIAH's a member of the Dawdlers and the Sybarites. He cleared up when NORTY was gone. But he doesn't know the first thing about Wagner—says "there's a great deal too much ugly, and not near enough pretty." Isn't it sad there should be such people? He added, "But I'll try to like it, my dear, as you like it." If you ever heard of anything so stodgy and Early Victorian!

A simply lovely story of BABS and her small daughter is going about. She brought the kiddy (who, by the way, is supposed to be a musical genius) to Covent Garden one afternoon, to give her a taste of the higher music. BABS the Second put in one of her naughty fits (she's her mother's own girl), and, just as the wonderful *Ride of the Walküre* was going on, she yelled out, "Why are they called the Walkers? They're ridin'." She was promptly removed from the building.

Isn't that sweet?

The number of concerts just now is simply ghastly. It's enough to deafen one merely to see all the announcements. During May and June, London really ought to put cotton-wool in its ears, poor thing.

The procession of "talented protégés" different people are always bringing forward! (That's another thing I'm taking note of. I must have a performing protégé of some kind.) The Duchess of DUNSTABLE is booming a girl (daughter of a tenant-farmer or something down at Sangazur, that she's had trained) who is said to play the *piano* with one hand and the *harp* with the other, better than anyone else can play *either* instrument with *both* hands. And STELLA CLACKMANNAN is bringing forward a boy she found somewhere in the wilds of Clackmannanshire, who recites SHAKESPEARE so as quite to alter the meaning, and set at rest all sorts of vexed questions. They've each wheeled me into taking a row of stalls at the respective performances of these creatures. But I've no notion of just helping towards the success of other people's protégés. I mean to be in the movement and have one myself. I'm now looking about for one. So, my dear, if you *should* happen across a boy who can sing *higher*, or a girl who can sing *lower* than anyone else, or a child recently short-coated and able to conduct the band at a Wagner opera, or anything of any kind that has thrills in it, wire me at once, and I'll hire a hall and launch him, her, or it.

I entered my darling *Pompom* at the Toy Dog Show the other day, and he appeared there in the loveliest, wee kennel you ever!—gilt bars in front and primrose satin cushions! But the angel was so uncomfy and grizzly that I brought him away after an hour or two. And, if you'll believe me, DAPHNE, though I described all his points minutely to the judges, and was just as sweet to the disky creatures as I could be (it's not for me to say how sweet that is), they refused to judge him and give him a prize in his absence. Was there ever such injustice? And aren't they pigs of the first magnitude?

My cards are out for a dance, which I really think, without vanity, touches the high-water mark of originality and chic.



## SPLENDIDE MENDICI;

OR, THE NOBLE BEGGARS.

[Lord CURZON, as Chancellor of Oxford, has appealed for funds for his University, thus following the lead of his rival, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Chancellor of Cambridge.]







Admiral. "AND WHAT MADE YOU WISH TO BECOME A SAILOR, MY BOY?"

Navy Candidate (in perfect good faith). "BECAUSE HE'S GOT A WIFE IN EVERY PORT, SIR!"

Where d'you think I'm going to give it? Guess, and guess again. No, you'd never guess, you dear, humdrum, old darling! In the Monkey House at the Zoo!! And in the corners of the invite-cards I've put—"To meet our Ancestors."

It's making a big sensation. NORRY's delighted with it, and says it's quite a good idea. JOSIAH's furious. I shouldn't wonder if a question's asked about it in the House. And if that happens, my ownest, my cup of happiness and success will be full, for there will be no more worlds to be conquered by

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

### AIRS OF AN EXILE.

#### III.—NEW ORLEANS.

For eighteen days we'd ploughed the broad Atlantic,

Its bosom, from the Nore to the Bahamas;

Sometimes the good ship wobbled something frantic,

While oftener the sea was just as calm as

A mill pond, and we never felt a qualm as

We paced the moonlit deck and made romantic

Remarks about the setting of Arcturus,

Until a stiff west wind would come along and cure us.

When lo! the Land of Promise—and mosquitos

(These last as large as wasps and twice as nippy,

And all agog for probing napes and neat hose)

Welcomed our advent to the Mississippi;

Yea, tho'-a man should take a world-round trip he

Could find no spot that so completely vetoes

The rising ardour of the optimist as

Those alligatorous swamps, those melancholy vistas.

The town's a huge hog-sty; in unswept gutters

Scramble her swart and odorous pickaninnies;

In narrow lanes behind mephitic shutters

Swelter the flower of Louisiana's "Jinnies;"

The mud's preposterous; the pumpkin's skin is

Ubiquitous, and "lor!" the traveller mutters

As, slipping up, his tangled members volley

Against the whistling bulk of the advancing trolley.

But what a place to hail the exiled Briton,

Torn like a limpet from its native cranny,

And dumped, as helpless as a new-mown kitten,

Mid sights and sounds depressing and uncanny.

"The dirtiest city south of Alleghany,"

Someone informed me, and I'd lay a bit on

The truth of that remark, tho' unacquainted

With other than the town whose salient charms I've painted.

#### Court and Society.

THOUGH a keen Imperialist, Mr. Punch cannot for the moment recollect *exactly* where El Paso is; but he is none the less glad to learn from a British Columbia paper that

"Miss TINA BROWN of East El Paso, who has been at home for a few days on a holiday, returned to school yesterday at Las Cruces."

It shows that the Press out there is not easily caught napping.

MR. CHAPLIN has just scraped into Wimbledon, but the Suffragettes are not disheartened. They prevented the Liberal Candidate from getting in, anyhow. So there.

## COCKAIGNE S'AMUSE.

SCENE—Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday.

The Heath is one long winding street of Swing-Boats, Cock-shies, Cinematograph shows, and Menageries, congested with good-humoured holiday-makers. Above the Vale, the road and sidewalks are as densely crowded. At about every ten yards is a piano-organ, to the strains of which flushed maidens in feathered hats perform intricate steps in opposed ranks, with a proud consciousness of being under critical observation, and an enthusiasm regardless of perpetual interruptions from passing motors, hansoms, and open carriages. The occupants of these vehicles wear a smile of benignantly amused approval, as of many local squires honouring their tenantry by putting in an appearance at a village festival. The drivers' expressions are less tolerant, while the horses scarcely try to conceal a lofty contempt for Humanity's idea of relaxation.

Perambulators and mail-carts containing wondering infants are pushed through the thickest of the throng, without exciting more than mildly jocular remonstrances of "My toes!" Everybody looks overheated, and the majority perfectly happy.

A Censorious Female (looking on at the Step-dancers). Well, 'owever they can make sech exhibitions of theirselves, I dunno!

Her Companion (a person of broader views). Oh, if you've got talints, I see no sense in 'iding 'em under a bushel.

The Censorious F. (with a snort). H'm! Pity some on 'em can't 'ide their boots under a bushel!

Her Comp. (with intuition). Ah! You want yer tea, you do!

(In another set, Two Able Seamen from H.M.S. "Terpsichore" and a Soldier have joined the dance.)

The Soldier (to his partner). Come on. It's a Mazurker, this time.

His Partner (dubiously). Sure you know 'ow to do a Mazurker?

Soldier. Me! Not arf! Two steps forward, two backward, and two left be'ind. Then 'bout turn and start all over agen. That's all there is to it!

His Partner (after this recipe has been tried, and found wanting). It's funny you sojers can't dance like them sailormen can.

Soldier. We 'aven't a deck to practise on like they've got, on'y a p'rade ground—that's 'ow it is.

His Partner (with a glance at his tunic). Well, I suppose you can't 'ave everythink!

## IN THE VALE OF HEALTH.

Stout Proprietress of a "Bottles-on-sticks" Shy. Nar then! Fust to knock a bottle right orf wins a perahse. 'It 'em 'ow yer like. Smash 'em up—it's all they're there for! (To assistant) 'Ere, Sonny, don't go puttin' up two black uns together. Can't yer see they look better with a white bottle in between? (To youthful player, who has at last made a bottle bite the dust) That's the w'y to 'it 'em. Take any perahse yer like! (The victor, having hesitated long before

the rical attractions of gilded vases, bars of chocolate, and packets of "fags," at length decides on a cane as a more durable delight. Shortly after which he proposes to exchange it for another precisely similar one in the stout lady's reserve stock.) I dessay! And if I let yer, yer'd be arskin' me to giv' yer a silver-andled umberella for it! You've 'ad yer pick, me lad, so be content with what yer got, and take yer 'ook.

[The Y. P. takes his 'ook accordingly, wondering whether cigarettes would not have been a wiser choice.]

## IN THE CROWD.

A Maiden (concluding a long list of the shortcomings of an ex-fiancé). And another thing abayout 'im—'owever narsty a temper 'e might be in, 'e'd never say nothink—on'y jest set and larf!

Her Confidante. Ah, you're well rid of 'im!

First Small Boy (to Second, during a wrangle). Garn wiv yer! I got good manners ter what you are!

Second S. B. That yer yn't—so naow!

First S. B. Yus, I are! I could smack you over the jor any d'y.

[The subject is tactfully allowed to drop.]

First Young Man in the Movement (on parting). Chin-chin!

Second Y. M. Toodle-oo!

[They separate with a sense of being "up to date."]

First Matron. 'Ad 'er 'at 'and-embroidered all round for the funerial, she did.

Second Matron (sententiously). Ah! 'And-embroidered or not, it won't bring 'im back.

## OUTSIDE A CINEMATOGRAPH EXHIBITION.

Paterfamilias (as his party reach the foot of the steps). Well? Enjoy it, kiddies? Bit o' orl right, eh?

The Kiddies. Proime, Farver! It was luvverly, wasn't it, Muvver?

Muvver. Wonderful! And everythink done that reel! But I didn't care ser much about that part where the dorg was tied to a pram with a biby inside of it, and ran on to the rilew'y and the trine come up and went right over it, biby and all. I down't think sech things order to be mide a show of.

Farver. Oh, gow on. You're so partickler, you are! Why, it's on'y got up to rise a larf!

## OUTSIDE A GHOST SHOW.

Impressionable Spectator. I wish I 'adn't never gone in now. I know I shall be dreamin' of 'em all night!

Her Escort. Whether yer believe in 'em or not, they do give yer a turn. Best thing we can do is to go and 'ave a tiddley.

[They adjourn to the Saloon Bar of Jack Straw's Castle for that infallible specific against Night-Terrors.]

Proprietor of Pitch (consisting of a frame divided into small partitions, a trough of wooden balls, and an array of unattractive prizes). 'Ere you are! Finest and Fairest Sport on the 'Eath! Free balls a penny and a perize fer every one as goes froo a 'ole. We get 'em for nuffink, or we couldn't afford ter do it. Play up, all o' you. None but the







GUNNING-KING

Barber. "THANK YOU, SIR. I DON'T OFTEN GET MY TIP BEFORE I BEGIN. I'M SURE I APPRECIATE——"

Customer (who likes his hair cut in silence). "I DON'T WANT YOU TO CONSIDER THAT A TIP. IT'S 'HUSH' MONEY."

Erristocresy 'ere to-day! 'Ere's a Member o' Parliament goin' to frow next! (*Put, for some reason, not only all Members of Parliament present, but the Public generally, withhold their patronage.*) Well, if ever! (*Lights a clay pipe in disgust.*) 'As the Public all got the pip, or what? (*To his assistant*) Never see biz so slack in all me natural! 'Ow do you account fer it?

*His Assistant (gloomily).* If you'd on'y done what I tole yer, and 'ad them balls fresh painted!

*P. of P. Paint!* It's my belief as nothink under gold-leaf 'ud satisfy this crard. Tike my word, this bloomin' love o' lux'ry's goin' to be the ruing of the kerntry!

[*Smokes on moodily.*

*Another Proprietor (with a wooden ball suspended by a chain so as to swing between two small skittles).* 'Oo's goin' ter risk a penny to win free bob? It's a pure game of skill. All you 'ave ter do is ter swing the ball so as to tip over the left-and skittle on its return. (*To Small Boy, who is obviously fingering a coin in his trousers' pocket*) Now then, young feller-me-lad, try yer luck—and win free bob orf o' me if you can!

*Young Feller-me-lad's Small Sister.* I wouldn't, BILLY—not if I was you.

[*But BILLY, undeterred by the ominous heap of coppers behind the board, produces sixpence and tries his luck . . .*

*Prop.* Ah, yer see, yer got the right-and skittle, 'stead o' the left. Try agen. (*BILLY does.*) That's better—on'y yer took the left-and skittle goin', 'stead o' comin' back. But yer getting the 'ang of it. One more? *Bofe on 'em down*

that time! Look 'ere, I'll give yer a lesson fer nuffink. There y'are . . . An' the sime agen! . . . And agen! . . . It's so simple yer can't miss it—when yer knows 'ow. Now 'ave a go on yer own. Very near, that was. A'most got the kneck—but not quite. Boun' ter do it nex' time, yer are!

[*The heap of coppers behind the board is increased.*

*Billy (rather white about the gills).* I neelly did it then. 'Ere, Liz—lend me that penny o' yourn.

*Liz.* Oh, BILLY, I did mean to get a blue bead necklis wiv that . . . Well, if you're sure yer kin do it this nex' gow!

*Prop.* That was the wust yet! Yer didn't watch me close enough—that's where yer made your mistake!

*Liz (to Billy, as he walks away a bankrupt).* I dunno, after all, as I keer for them bead necklises. They y'nt bein' ser much worn this seasin. Where shall we gow next?

*Billy.* 'Ome.

F. A.

#### L'Entente Cordiale.

It is really pretty to see how careful some papers are to avoid giving offence to our neighbours. In an inconspicuous corner of a recent issue the Glasgow Evening Times announces:—

"A French warship landed at the Tail of the Bank yesterday to take in stores."

So different from the

GERMAN BATTLESHIP AGROUND

with which *The* — would greet a similar mishap to the hated Fatherland.

## BACHELOR DAYS.

## I.—THE BUTTER.

You mustn't think I am afraid of my housekeeper. Not at all. I frequently meet her on the stairs, and give her some such order as "I think—if you don't mind—I might have breakfast just a little earlier—er, yes, about nine o'clock, yes, thank you." Or I ring the bell and say, "I—I—want-my-boots." We both recognise that it is mine to command and hers to obey. But in the matter of the butter I have let things slide, until the position is rapidly becoming an untenable one. Yet I doubt if a man of imagination and feeling could have acted otherwise, given the initial error. However, you shall hear.

There are two sorts of butter, salt and fresh. Now, nobody is so fond of butter as I am; but butter (as I have often told everybody) isn't butter at all unless it is salt. The other kind is merely an inferior vaseline—the sort of thing you put on the axles of locomotives. Imagine then my disgust, when I took my first breakfast in these rooms eleven months ago, to find that the housekeeper had provided me with a large pat of vaseline!

I hate waste in small things. Take care of the little extravagancies, I say, and the big ones will take care of themselves. My first thought on viewing this pat of butter was, "It is difficult, but I will eat it." My second, "But I must tell the housekeeper to get salt butter next time."

An ordinary-minded person would have stopped there. I went one further. My third thought was this: "Housekeepers are forgetful creatures. If I tell her now, she will never remember. Obviously I had better wait until this pound is just finished, and she is about to get in some more. Then will be the time to speak." So I waited; and it was here that I made my mistake. For it turned out that it was I who was the forgetful creature. And on the fifteenth day I got up to find another large pound of vaseline on my table.

The next fortnight went by slowly. I kept my eye on every day, waiting for the moment to come when I could say to the housekeeper, "You will be getting me in some more butter this morning. Would you get salt, as I don't much like the other?" Wednesday came, and there was just enough left for two days. I would speak on the morrow.

But alas! on the morrow there was another new pound waiting. I had evidently misjudged the amount.

I forget what happened after that. I fancy I must have been very busy, so that the question of butter escaped me altogether. Sometimes, too, I would go away for a few days, and the old

butter would be thrown away, and the new butter bought, at a time when I had no opportunity of defending myself. However it was, there came a time when I had been three months in my rooms, and was still eating fresh butter—contentedly, to all appearances; in the greatest anguish of soul, as it happened. And at the end of another month I said, "Now then, I really must do something about this."

But what *could* I do? After eating fresh butter for four months without protest I couldn't possibly tell the housekeeper that I didn't like it, and would she get salt in future. That would be too absurd. Fancy taking four months to discover a little thing like that! Nor could I pretend that, though I used to adore fresh butter, I had now grown tired of it. I hate instability of character; and I could not lend myself to any such fickleness. I put it to you that either of these courses would have shown deplorable weakness. No, an explanation with the housekeeper was by that time impossible; and if anything was to be done I must do it on my own responsibility. What about buying a pound of salt butter myself, and feeding on it in secret? True I should have to get rid of a certain portion of fresh every day, but . . .

I don't know if you have ever tried to get rid of a certain portion of fresh butter every day, when you are living in a flat at the very top of chambers in London. Drop it out of the window once or twice, and it is an accident. Three times, and it is a coincidence. Four times, and the policeman on duty begins to think that there is more in it (if I may say so) than meets the eye . . . But what about the fire? you will ask. Ah, yes; but I could foresee a day when there would be no fire. One has to look ahead.

Besides, as I said, I hate waste. As any cook will tell you, the whole art of housekeeping can be summed up in three words—*Watch the butter*.

More months passed, and more pats of vaseline. Every day made an explanation more hopeless. I had thoughts at one time of an anonymous letter. Something in this style:—

"MADAM,—One who is your friend says beware of vaseline. All is discovered. Fly before it is too late. What is it makes the sea so salt? NaCl. Sodium Chloride. THE BLACK HAND."

That would give her the impression, at any rate, that there were two kinds of butter. Confound it all, by what right did she assume without asking that I had a preference for fresh?

I have now been in my rooms nearly a year. Something must be done soon. My breakfasts are becoming a farce. Meals which I used to enjoy I now

face as an ordeal. Is there to be no hope for me in the future?

Well, there is a chance. I shall have to wait until July; but with something definite in view I am content to wait.

In July I hope to go to Switzerland for three weeks. Two days before returning home I shall write to my housekeeper. Having announced the day of my return, and given one or two instructions, I shall refer briefly to the pleasant holiday which I have been enjoying. I shall remark perhaps on the grandeur of the mountains and the smiling beauty of the valleys. I may mention the area in square miles of the country . . .

And I shall dwell upon the habits of the native.

" . . . They live (I shall write) with extraordinary simplicity, chiefly upon the products of their farms. Their butter is the most delightful I have ever tried. It is a little salt to the taste, but after three weeks of it I begin to feel that I shall never be able to do without salt butter again! No doubt as made in London it would be different from this, but I really think I must give it a trial. So when you are ordering the things I mentioned for me, will you ask for salt butter . . ."

And if that fails there remains only the one consolation. In three years my lease is up. I shall take a new flat somewhere, and on the very first day I shall have a word with the new housekeeper.

"By the way," I shall say, "about the butter . . ."

## MUSICAL NOTES.

SIGNOR MARMOSSETTI's farewell recital drew an enormous crowd to the Bluthstein Hall last Saturday. As is well known, the famous pianist has decided to retire to the tropics for three years in the company of Professor GARNER and Mr. MUNKITTRICK, in order to perfect his facial technique by close observation of the simian denizens of that remote and almost impenetrable region. The precise spot where he will pitch his tent is not yet officially announced, but there is good reason to believe that it will be somewhere in the dependency of Orangia-Outangia, where the facilities for anthropo-pithecoïd study are altogether exceptional. Signor MARMOSSETTI's greatest triumph last Saturday was achieved in CHOPIN's Study on the black keys, the impressiveness of which was greatly enhanced by the performer's liberal use of burnt cork. As an *encore* he climbed on to the top of the piano, cracked and ate several nuts, and threw the shells to his admirers, who were moved to tears by his exquisite con-



descension. Indeed Mr. JAMRACH, jun., who attended the performance, is reported to have declared that in the whole course of his professional career he had never witnessed a more perfect imitation.

Our esteemed and voracious contemporary *The Tribune* has been giving some intensely interesting details as to the equestrian feats performed by Frau VOGL and her horse in the last Act of *Götterdämmerung*:—"When Brünnhilde cried, 'Here, Grane, greet our friend,' he became restive, snorted, and pawed the stage. At the moment she sang 'Siegfried, with a last blessing I greet thee,' without receiving the least sign, and always at the same bar of the music, the horse made ready, veered round, and galloped straight across the stage towards the burning logs. Gripping his mane, Frau VOGL leapt on his back, and in a moment horse and rider disappeared among the rising flames." In this context it may be worth noting that by the kind permission of the Editor of *The Spectator*, the part of the *Waldvogel* in *Siegfried* will be played and sung at the next cycle by an extraordinarily talented semi-Bombay Duck which has long been one of the most attractive features of the palatial office in Wellington Street. A photograph of this gifted and ingratiating fowl, which has been coached in her part by Mr. PERCY PITT and Mr. WADDINGTON, the chorus trainer of the opera, appears in the current issue of *Home Quacks*.

The advent of M. KOLOKOTRONIS, the celebrated armless klephtic conductor, has naturally excited the keenest interest in musical circles. M. KOLOKOTRONIS showed remarkable talent as a child, and had already achieved success as a pianist when he was deprived of both arms while experimenting with a steam-piano. Being a man of exceptional physique and agility it occurred to him that though the avenues to fame were closed to him as an instrumental performer, he might still achieve distinction as a conductor; and his confidence has been abundantly justified by results. M. KOLOKOTRONIS dispenses entirely with a bâton; he stands firmly on his left leg and conducts with the right, his appearance presenting a curious resemblance to that of a flamingo. Born in Arcadia some thirty-five years ago, he studied successively under M. PAPADIA-MANTOPOULOU in Athens and M. TASSILO HUNYADI in Buda Pesth. His mother was a Koutso-Vlach, and he lately married a heiress who draws a princely income from cobalt mines in the Blue Alsatian mountains. M. KOLOKOTRONIS speaks several languages and is a man of most generous disposition, though,



Don Desperado. "What would you do for twenty thousand pounds?"  
Jones. "I'd be ashamed to tell you."

as he wittily remarks, he never puts his hand into his pocket.

A decidedly painful impression was created by Mr. FRANZ PITT-RIVERS at the last of his series of Chamber Concerts on Thursday evening. Mr. PITT-RIVERS, who has hitherto been justly regarded as one of the leaders of the modern anti-melodic school, introduced a new quintet of his own composition which is not only laid out on orthodox lines, but, in the choice phrase of the musical critic of *The Outlook*, "is replete with the most tasteful and acceptable melody." We understand that this deplorable recidivism on the part of Mr. PITT-RIVERS has already elicited a scathing denunciation from the scarifying pen of Mr. CECIL KELTIE, the redoubtable hierophant of the Neo-Ossianic school.

The recent election of Sir HUBERT PARRY to the Royal Yacht Squadron has naturally caused a great explosion of nautical and aquatic ardour at the Royal College of Music. Sir CHARLES STANFORD—who has for several years been Vice-Commodore of the Round Pond Model Yacht Club—has purchased a fine 14-in. submarine fitted with a periscope, gyroscope and bonzoline ball-bearings. Sir WALTER PARRATT has had sliding seats fitted to the organ in the concert-hall; Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has had the conductor's room at the Albert Hall fitted up like a captain's cabin; a tromba-marina has been added to the College orchestra; and sea-kale is now included in the vegetables reared in the sumptuous College kitchen-garden.



L. R. A. M. C.

### R. A. M. C.

*Principal Medical Officer.* "Now, my man, I want you to put your finger on one of the arteries in your neck." (No answer.) "Well, there are some arteries in your neck, I suppose, aren't there?"

*Canny Volunteer (who has heard the last man badly cornered).* "Well—there's some as thinks there is!"

### ODE TO A GENUINE ANTIQUE.

"A tortoise, a native of Seychelles near Madagascar, but now residing in Mauritius, is said to have reached the respectable age of 236."

SOUND testimonial to tropic air!

Undamaged dotard of an alien clime!

Hoary testudo! who (unlike the hare)

Remain contented with a slowish time—

What legends that impermeable hide

That holds your headpiece in a handy slit

(If they were printed on the top) would tell

Of leaf-fringed savages who worshipped it,

Or vowed to scoop the esculent inside, And strum, like Hermes, on the hollowed shell!

Played 'cellos may be sweet, but sweeter still

The live Chelonian; therefore, brute, breathe on!—

I do not say for ever, but until

Ensuing notice: more of that anon—

And if, beneath the trees, you have some mate,

Some well-matured, contemporary fair, Prolong your joys, or if (as well may be)

The girl has predeceased you, laugh at Fate;

Re-marry! Female Platysternidæ

Are much alike, and not, I fancy, rare.

Thrice happy vertebrate! that need not shed

Your winter clothing when the Spring is due,

But wear an osseous carapace instead,

Completely rainproof and as good as new.

More happy mind, whose retrospective ken

Surveys a bicentenary of frogs

For ever hunted for your homely tea:

How trivial must you count the lives of men

Concerned with clothes, or lurid catalogues Of facts relating to the L.C.C.!

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

What care you for your watery kin (poor beasts)

Condemned to figure (but how stiff the price!)

As green consommé in our civic feasts.

What do you know of England, where so much

Of merely human import has "transpired"

Since 1670 hatched you? Come, confess!

Did rumours of Queen ANNE's departure touch

Your callow boyhood? Were you greatly fired

By engines or the birth-throes of our Press?

Oh, attic-shaped! immobile attitude!

The breed of men by worry overwrought

Have lost their faculty to lie and brood

For centuries together upon naught!

Cold reptile, that is where you have the pull.

But should your hopes of a millennium

fade,

And commerce cut that spine of spirit void

For damsels' haircombs, may some

British maid,

Since truth is tough as well as beautiful,

Prefer your solid crust to celluloid!

### Something like a Microbe.

EXTRACT from a letter in *The Outlook*:

"Many, many noble sons of Great Britain can loyally answer, 'Yes!' but there are many stutters who, impregnated with the microbe of Little Englandism, lisp a detestable 'No.'"

"Are we downhearted?" she hissed monosyllabically with clenched teeth.

"No," he lisped detestably, with a slight stutter.



### A SLOW-FIRER.

FIRST PEER. "HOW'S THE STANDING MENACE GETTING ON?"

SECOND PEER (*inspecting interior*). "WOULDN'T HURT A WOOLSACK. DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANYTHING IN IT!"



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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 13.

—The years have sped, and much has happened since "BOBBY" SPENCER, standing by the Box on the Opposition side of the Table, artlessly remarked *à propos* of a Bill under discussion, "I am not an agricultural labourer."

The MEMBER FOR SARK is the pleased possessor of a pen-and-ink sketch made on the spot by FRANK LOCKWOOD, presenting the Member for Mid-Northamptonshire in smock-frock, hobnail boots, round felt hat, a crook carried in his right hand indicating the business of a shepherd. "BOBBY" has passed away from a sphere which one fancied his supernaturally high collar was accustomed to regard with supercilious glance. He is a Peer in his own right, Lord Chamberlain by happy selection, arbiter of stage pieces, preserver of the amity of nations, rigidly regardless of the rights of authors, the profits of lessees, the earnings of actors, and the privilege of the public.

As far as the historic phrase goes, history has by close analogy repeated itself. NAPOLEON B. HALDANE suffered to-night something more than usual in the way of heckling. First thirteen questions on paper addressed to him. Many involved multiplicity of interrogation. Upon each, by the indulgence of the SPEAKER, followed supplementary



WORRYING THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Mr. Morley bravely disregards the Sloppy Sentimentalists, the Pro-Rebels, and the Professionally Anti-British who, among them, would lose India in a week at the best of times.

questions "arising out of that answer." It was under shelter of this, of late untrammelled, evasion of rules governing questions that BELLAIRS and CROOKS pummelled each other across the svelte figure of N. B. H. BELLAIRS having in this fashion given Member for Woolwich one for his nob, CROOKS jumped up for the third time and, with vain assumption of blandness, remarked, "May I ask the right hon. gentleman if he will inform Mr. BELLAIRS —" &c.

This a novelty at the Question hour, promising further to reduce possibilities of its usefulness. A Member not being permitted directly to address gentlemen opposite with whom he has difference of opinion talks at him through the MINISTER. Thereupon gentleman opposite makes retort more or less courteous and requests the right hon. gentleman to convey it as directed. But N. B. H. has not spent long nights in the trenches for nothing.

"No, sir," he said firmly, taking in at a glance the disputants, "I am not a postman."

*Business done.*—Dreary debate on Tariff Reform maundered adown slow hours of night, yawned through by scanty audience, temporarily stirred by breezy speech from MCKENNA.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—Things coming to pretty pass in this august assembly. Threatened by attack from outside, disturbed from within by demands for reform, it is now insisted that the MINISTER in charge of a Bill

shall know what it's all about, and shall be prepared on brief notice to enlighten others!

This revolutionary principle enunciated in connection with motion for second reading of measure attractively entitled Destructive Insects and Pests Bill. BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, having spent an hour in puzzled study of clauses, admitted that he could not make head or tail of them. Just when, through the maze of phraseology he thought the way was clearing, he was brought up by a sign-post referring to some Act of Parliament. The LORD CHANCELLOR in sympathetic tones denounced what he described as "this legislation by reference." Lord CAWDORE, accustomed to business habits, invited the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE in charge of the Bill to state in a few simple words what its provisions were.

Had a bomb fallen on Ministerial Bench, consternation could scarcely have been greater. CARRINGTON taking up copy of the Bill wildly turned over the pages. Offered his copy to Leader of the House. Perhaps he would like to say a few words? RUPON hastily shook his head. It wasn't his funeral. Not for nothing was CARRINGTON paid £2,000 a year with the privilege of making allotments of Crown Lands.

In dumb despair MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE looked at CREWE. Been doing very well of late; perhaps he would welcome opportunity of further scoring by responding to CAWDORE'S appeal. CREWE



APPEARANCES ARE SO DECEPTIVE.

"I am not a Postman!"

(Mr. Haldane.)

stared straight before him. Board of Education has its own destructive insects and pests without going in search of specimens in fresh woods and pastures new.

Embarrassing pause followed. CAMPERDOWN came to rescue by moving adjournment of debate. This brought RIFON to his feet with pathetic plea that Agriculturalists should not suffer because methods of legislation were archaic. CARRINGTON promised to publish and circulate explanatory memorandum. Whereupon second reading was agreed to.

Then came crowning incident. Having complained that Bill was unintelligible, having failed to draw forth enlightenment from Ministers, having thereupon read the Bill a second time, and Standing Orders requiring that next stage should be taken on subsequent day, noble Lords hurriedly read Bill a third time and declared it "passed."

*Business done.*—Quite a lot. Having met at 4.15, Lords did not rise till 6.20.

*Thursday.*—Commons adjourned for Whitsun recess. A meagre week's holiday.

#### Good in Everything.

THE Secretary of (apparently) the "Edinburgh and Leith Shopkeepers' Excursion" is one of those cheerful souls who always try to make the best of things. The Spring Excursion included Peterhead, of which he writes:

"The Scottish Prison Board have built the largest prisons to accommodate over 600 convicts. The buildings . . . give the landscape a most pleasant view."

Such a man is wasted at Leith or Edinburgh; he should live at Epsom.

#### Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of a piano-player:  
"All music is alike to the C—."

#### THE LIMERICK BENCH.

[His Honour Judge OWEN, the "Welsh PLOWDEN," burst into a Limerick in his court at Cardiff yesterday. A defendant said he had simply called upon the solicitor interested about some other matter than that relating to the action before the court.

"Oh!" said Judge OWEN at once,

"There was a young lady of Cirencester,  
Who went to see a solicitor;

a proof of how safe the Strand can be even under the most exceptional circumstances—the verses on the old person of Anerley—

Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly.  
He ran down the Strand  
With a pig in each hand,  
But returned every evening to Anerley.

[Applause in court.]

Again, Mr. Justice DARLING, or "PLOWDEN in a wig," as he has happily been called, has just settled the prolonged difficulty between the Sussex County Cricket Club and Mr. C. B. FRY by quoting the lines:

There was an old man  
of Bengal  
Who purchased a bat  
and a ball,  
Some gloves and  
some pads:  
It was one of his  
fads,  
For he never played  
cricket at all.

#### PEACE PROSPECTS.

[It is proposed to extend the principle of the Hague Conference in other directions.]

DISARMAMENT propositions are passing between the Suffragettes and the police, in pursuance of the policy known as cutting down the umbrellas.

County matches are to be decided by a single-wicket match between the respective captains.

In order to keep perjury within reasonable limits, an agreement has been come to by the Tariff Reform and Free Trade parties,

on a basis of one falsehood each per diem.

It is agreed in theatrical circles that some finality must be put to competition in advertisement among actresses. Carriage accidents and losses of jewellery are to be rigorously reduced in number.

Swimming the Channel and racing for the American Cup are to be decided this year by arrangement in municipal baths; while the heavy-weight championship of the world will be referred to arbitration.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Ch-pl-n to Miss Protection.—"Well, my dear; we may be a bit old-fashioned in our ideas, but we fairly knock 'em in the suburbs!"

When asked for the fee,  
She said, 'Fiddle-de-dee,  
I merely looked in as a visitor.'—*Star.*]

It is hardly necessary to say that—in this imitative world—the habit has spread, and already the hearing of no case is complete without one or more recitations from LEAR and other writers. For example, in an appeal for damages which turned upon a block in the Strand and consequent injury to the plaintiff's wheel, His Honour Judge BACON, known as the "Bloomsbury OWEN," cited—as





### MAKING INSURANCE DOUBLE SURE.

*Lady (engaging new cook).* "WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU CAN DO CLEAR SOUPS AND SAVOURIES AND THAT SORT OF THING?"

*Cook.* "NO, MUM, I CAN'T SAY AS I CAN. BUT I'M A BLUE RIBBON, I'M PUFFICKLY SOUND IN WIND AND LIMB, AND AIN'T GOT NOBODY DEPENDING ON ME!"

### THE PLAINT OF A PLAYGOER.

I do not sing of music-halls  
That draw admirers of the high-kick,  
Nor rhapsodise within the stalls  
Of theatres that boom the psychic;  
Of course, tastes differ, but although  
*De gustibus non disputandum*  
I think the ballet far too slow,  
And, as for problem plays, can't stand 'em.

Give me the good old-fashioned kind  
Of drama of the "heavy" order:  
DOROTHY, pale, demure, refined,  
And cousin HAROLD who adored her;  
The rival with the golden hair  
Who swears he shall not wed Another;  
Mamma who finds the millionaire  
Is after all her long-lost brother.

I loved to watch the villain's rage,  
As with a gait that proved him knock-knee'd

He ramped and ranted round the stage,  
And swore in accents plainly Cockneyed;  
Beneath his spell the stalls grew numb,  
And matrons in the pit would tremble  
When he declared a time would come,  
Or warned his partner to dissemble.

And then the tension of that scene  
When, heedless of our boos and hisses,  
SIR RUPERT meets the heroine,  
And then and there demands her kisses;

One moment more decides her fate;  
We hear her voice for help appealing;  
When lo, the hero vaults a gate,  
And sends his adversary reeling.

And oh, the final, crowning phase  
When RUPERT fires that double-barrelled

Revolver at the wings and slays  
The village lunatic (not HAROLD);  
'Tis here we get an extra thrill,

For, ere the idiot goes aloft, he  
Owns he purloined the missing will,  
And begs them to forgive "poor Softy."

This is the rich, full-blooded, rough,  
Ripe, mellow drama that is *real*,  
And though some think it mawkish stuff  
It represents my fond ideal;  
And ere you scorn my taste for love  
Triumphant, every ill surmounting,  
Remember, as I said above,  
For certain tastes there's no accounting.

THAT remarkable prophet "LINESMAN" was right on the spot again last week with this extraordinary prognostication of the Kent and Somerset match:

"Somerset are a useful combination and there might be a surprising result, but on the other hand there might not."

This, it will be remembered, was exactly what happened.

## CHARIVARIA.

JAPAN might aptly be described as the spoilt child of the nations. No honour seems too great for her. The managers of the Earl's Court Exhibition have even made her an honorary Balkan State.

Meanwhile the fact that Japan figures in the Balkan States Exhibition is most unsettling to little boys who are learning geography, and they can only suppose that it is the result of the recent epidemic of earthquakes.

By-the-by, several alterations have been made in the Exhibition grounds. The most noteworthy is that opposite the Welcome Club.

On two acres of ground formerly devoted to entertainments which could have had no connection with the Balkan States there has now been constructed a handsome Italian garden.

Fashions change. The Architectural Room at the Royal Academy is no longer the haunt of lovers. Young couples who wish to be alone now board an Embankment tram.

So far quite the most interesting of the May Meetings has been the meeting of April and May. It was quite a long time before they could be persuaded to part company.

The deadly quiet of London is about to be corrected by an improved service of Road Trains.

Charity over-reaches itself sometimes. The other day there was a sad disaster at Shoreham by which a number of oysters were swept out to sea and drowned. It is now proposed to open a fund for the relatives. This is surely charity run mad.

Miss MARJORIE SLAUGHTER, who has distinguished herself at Eastbourne by conducting an orchestra, has been interviewed. "I go about with my parents everywhere," she told a representative of *The Daily Chronicle*, "but I do have a good time." The "but" seems a bit hard on the race of parents.

As some artists have been appearing at the Hippodrome who hold themselves out to be "The Champion Tree-Fellers," it seems only fair to point out that the Acting Manager of His Majesty's Theatre is the Original Champion Tree Feller.

An alarming increase in lunacy will, it is confidently foretold, shortly take place. We hear that there are to be new income-tax forms by the side of which the brochures at present in use will be found to be as simple as *A B C* or *Bradshaw*.

The City of London Electric Motor Ambulance Service was inaugurated last week by a make-believe accident, a cab-attendant at the Guildhall lending him-

## THE CHOICE.

THERE were three of us—and a book. The book had been in the house for four days, and we had all three devoured it from beginning to end.

It began in an ostentatious way with positively brilliant pages here and there, but the end was the embodiment of cheap vulgarity.

One page, however, near the middle, contained something so beautiful that it made us hesitate to characterise the whole volume as worthless.

After a long silence I summoned up courage to remark, "I think it's too conventional."

"That's just what I admire in it," cried JEAN; "its very conventionality is the saving of it."

"I consider it has a character all its own," put in MAIMIE, "and I think it will last."

"Did Cousin Tom like it?" I asked. (I always put great faith in Cousin Tom's judgment.)

"I'm afraid Tom was in a hurry," answered JEAN; "he merely said, 'Oh, hang the thing, it's all right.'"

"Don't you think it's just a trifle light in tone for a library like mine?" I hinted.

"I must say I wouldn't dare to look at it if I were ill," mused MAIMIE. "I think it would get on my nerves!"

"No one ever suggested that it was suitable for the sick-room," said JEAN scornfully; "its place is the library."

"By the way," I said, "what is the price?"

"Stiff," said MAIMIE; "four-and-six."

"Ah! that settles it," I said.

And that is how it came about that in the end the library was done in "SMITH'S UNSPOTTABLE DISTEMPER."



Tourist. "WHAT DO THE PEOPLE ROUND HERE LIVE ON, PAT?"  
Jarvey. "PIGS, SOBB, MAINLY, AND TOURISTS IN THE SUMMER."

self for the purpose. It is hoped, however, that plenty of genuine cases will soon be forthcoming.

A remarkable golfing incident is reported from Newark. Mr. HENRY BEEVOR, while playing from the fourth tee, drove his ball into the River Devon and killed a fish nearly 2 lbs. in weight. It is supposed that the fish had been commenting unfavourably on Mr. BEEVOR's game.

The reference in the papers the other day to a soldier of fortune who had fought under eighteen flags leads us to caution our readers against an impostor who is making a similar statement in appealing to the charitable. The fellow's story is only true in the particular that he was buried beneath a mass of bunting which blew down during the Coronation festivities in London and had to fight his way out.

WE have intercepted a German Telegram which reads as follows:—"ALFONSO PIO CRISTINO EDUARDO FRANCISCO GUILLERMO CARLOS ENRIQUE EUGENIO FERNANDO ANTONINO VENANCIO—stop—object to disposition of this cast—stop—never heard of VENANCIO—stop—arrange for my name to be starred in his place—stop—otherwise insist on its preceding EDUARDO—stop—(From) GUILLERMO."

## THE FORTUNATE ISLE.

[According to the Report of the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland, the average salary of a head teacher in Ireland is less than £100 a year. "National teachers," say the Irish Commissioners for Education, "should be persons of Christian sentiment, calm temper, and discretion; imbued with a spirit of peace, obedience, and loyalty; not only possessing the art of communicating knowledge, but capable of moulding the mind of youth, and of giving a useful direction to the power which education confers."]

STAY, PAT! Turn again from your emigrant fancies  
Of cities of gold at the ends of the earth;  
Give over your dreams and your idle romances,  
And turn once again to the land of your birth.  
The true El Dorado is here in

Old Erin,  
The country fools christen the land of distress,  
And here shall you find honest merit  
Inherit

The power and the place that it ought to possess.  
Dame Fortune keeps her smile, my boy,  
For the lads of Hibernia's isle, my boy:  
Then why should you roam  
From your emerald home  
If you're after amassing a pile, my boy?

We know, PAT, it isn't your nature to clamour  
For over-much toil of the brain or the arm;  
For you, lad, the strenuous life has no glamour,  
The feverish struggle possesses no charm;  
So we've found you a sinecure, Paddy,

My laddie,  
A snug little berth where you live like a lord,  
And pocket the gold and exhibit  
Ad libit.

The virtues which spring of their own sweet accord.  
Just be the natural PAT, my boy;  
You can't do better than that, my boy.  
You've nothing to do  
But just to be you  
If you're eager to kick and wax fat, my boy.

Your temper, of course, must be even and steady—  
That's easy enough with your fine native phlegm;  
If parents are trying you'll always be ready  
With patient endurance to listen to them.  
You will teach all your boys *con amore*

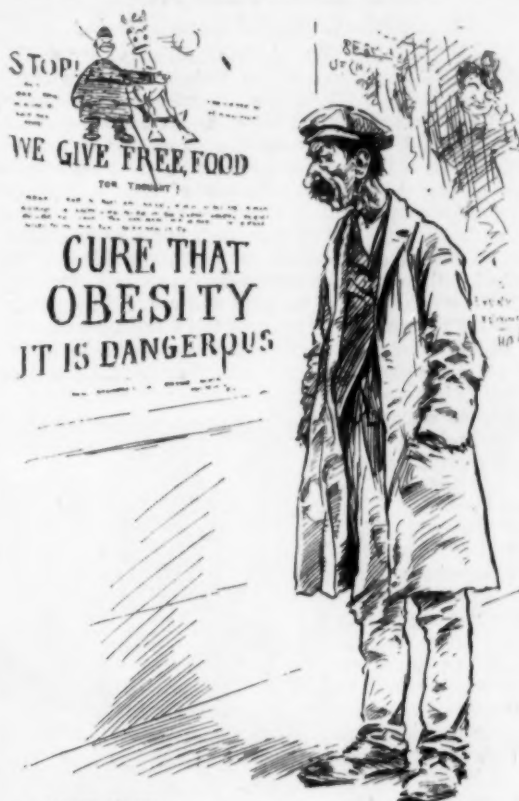
The glory  
Of meekly obeying the powers above,  
And your warm Celtic heart will rejoice to  
Give voice to

The duty of treating the Saxon with love.  
You'll never—no, never—let fall, my boy,  
Black words of wormwood and gall, my boy.  
When Britishers brag  
Of their wide-ruling flag  
You'll never look daggers at all, my boy.

Of course, we'll expect you to teach—mathematics,  
Some physics, perhaps, and some chemistry too,  
With history, Latin, French, German, and statics—  
But that's a mere trifle, dear PADDY, to you.

This thought, when your pupils annoy you,  
Should buoy you:  
As soon as you're able to make it quite clear  
You're a Crichton-cum-Solon-cum-Cato-  
cum-Plato,

Why then you may hope for a hundred a year!  
Dame Fortune keeps her smile, my boy,  
For the lads of Hibernia's isle, my boy:  
Then why should you roam  
From your emerald home  
If you're after amassing a pile, my boy?



ANOTHER OF LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

## An Unwritten Letter.

MY DEAR NORTHCLEFFE,—Everybody remembers your outspoken admiration for my talents at the time of the General Election, and how nobly you boomed me in the columns of *The Daily Mail*, to the great indignation of your own party. To your assistance (under Heaven and aided by the cry of Chinese Slavery, that admirable "inexactitude") I owed more than I can say. Disloyalty, as you know, is repugnant to my nature, and I never forget a service. I trust that after my utterance in the House last Wednesday you will regard yourself as well repaid.

Yours very faithfully,  
WINSTON.

## The Alien Invasion.

"Queen ELIZABETH and her Court receiving the French Ambassador after the news that St. Bartholomew had reached England" (O. Coope), a striking picture in which the QUEEN is shown pensive after the ambassador had told his dreadful news.—*Cork Constitution*.

A MAN boasting the name "Whistling WILSON" professes (says *The Evening News*) to be able to play the National Anthem and other simple tunes on a tin whistle with his ear. This is indeed to have an ear for music.

"Overcoat of Flesh Dining at any of the GROTTO CAFÉS."—*Guardian*.

SOLUTIONS to be sent to the *Punch* Office. To ensure absolute impartiality, we have decided that Mr. G. L. JESSOP and Mr. A. C. BENSON shall be the judges.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It was a happy thought of Messrs. WARD, LOCK & Co. to signalise the visit of the Colonial Premiers by publishing a new and revised edition of *Mrs. Beeton's Family Cookery*; and as I was prevented from doing the book full justice when it first came out in 1861 I am the more glad to have this opportunity of dealing critically with a work which is already ranked among the classics. The plot of Mrs. BEETON's book is extremely simple, and it is rather on character-drawing that she depends for her effects—such different creations as a *Loin of Pork* and a *Croquette de Semoule ou Florada* being described with an extraordinary minuteness and attention to detail. The small onion on page 613 would bring tears to the eyes of any mother; but (as it often the case) the writer gets carried away by her own emotions, and introduces us later on to a tapioca pudding which is out of the picture altogether. The author's style is, generally speaking, more than adequate, but I should not be doing myself justice if I failed to call attention to certain mannerisms which beset all Mrs. BEETON's work. "Bring slowly to the boil" is, for instance, an irritating phrase which recurs on almost every other page. "Bake in a quick oven till brown," "Take a piece of butter the size of a walnut," and "Grease a deep frying-pan," are others—all of which may pass muster as epigrams upon a first reading, but (it is as well to speak plainly) they cannot bear the strain of repetition to which the author subjects them. There are several beautiful illustrations in colour, which add greatly to the charm of the book; and I would particularly call attention to an admirable reproduction of the well-known "Whitebait, with Lemon."



THE LAST HOLE.

A BANK HOLIDAY IDYLL.

house in the middle of a fancy-dress ball. "With clasped hands, and eyes sparkling with excitement," *Bice* waits for *Kit* to subdue the surging rabble with a wave of his hand. He fails; and *Bice*, white with indignation, gives him a piece of her mind. "So he left her and passed out into the darkness." However, she takes him back again, he having in the meantime saved her brother's life, so we hurriedly replace our handkerchiefs. The other heroine, whose life is intertwined with those of the happy pair, has an idea for reforming society, and not a bad idea either, but it misses fire, as such things will, and she falls back on the domesticities. So that's all right too.

The heroine of Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD's novel, *The Good Comrade* (CONSTABLE), is what botanists would call a "sport," and as a good many of her doings are the accompaniments of a quest for a blue daffodil which is really a "sport" it is not

at all inappropriate. She comes of a family which is trying its best by just permissible artifices to conceal the gap between the ends which refuse to meet. Her father is an ex-army captain, a luckless gambler, and a weak-kneed upholder of his ludicrously effete dignity. It is to save his name in the matter of a debt of honour that his daughter *Julia* determines to become possessed, by fair or foul means, of the valuable daffodil bulb. Her creed is a queer yet convincing mixture of the laws of necessity, which know no law, and the laws of honour, which, being unwritten, are inexorable. One part of her, indeed, is a rather bad lot, but the other part comes out top, and so the moralists have it. Personally, I like both parts. I like also the charming picture of the

Dutch town with its bulb farm, and its staid inhabitants. In fact, I like the whole book.

*Blind Mouths* (BLACKWOOD), by BETH ELLIS, is a curious medley of careful plans and reckless *dénouements*. There are two heroines, and only one real hero. There is no villain to speak of. Indeed, you feel quite sure from the start that it is going to be a happy-ever-after story; and you are right. *Bice*, heroine No. 1, the daughter of a large mine-owner, falls in love with *Kit Dent*, a strong Socialist and the agent of her father's miners. They get engaged, and up to this point all is plain sailing. But here the agent develops original characteristics. By all the rules of the game he ought to be perfect in every respect—one of nature's gentlemen—but he isn't, and poor *Bice*, after the first flush of happiness, gets desperate over his badly-fitting clothes and his worse drawing-room manners. The supreme moment comes when the miners, maddened by a starvation strike, break into her father's

A few years ago a wise, fastidious and somewhat melancholy but always charming book was published under the title of *Idlehurst*. Its author, who calls himself JOHN HALSHAM, has now supplied us with a pendant named *Lonewood Corner* (SMITH, ELDER), in which much the same qualities are to be found, although its melancholy, I think, is deeper. But it has great merit, and could not, as some one once said of a kindred work, be read in a motor-car. To all who want to cool their intellect in this feverish age *Lonewood Corner* is strongly recommended.

## The Lodging-House Season.

Gossip from a Health Resort.

"OWING to the gravity of the situation at Marrakesh and the growing insectivity, the French and German residents have, it is reported, left the city."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.